SHOW TIME

THE NEW FILM MONTHLY 9D
MARCH 1964

James Garner

Inside:

How I write a film script— by Bryan Forbes

Full colour portrait of Billy J. Kramer

James Garner and Doris Day in Move Over, Darling.

SHOW TIME talks to Doris Day

about the film they chose for this year's Royal Film Performance

see page 10

"A bucketful of laughter"

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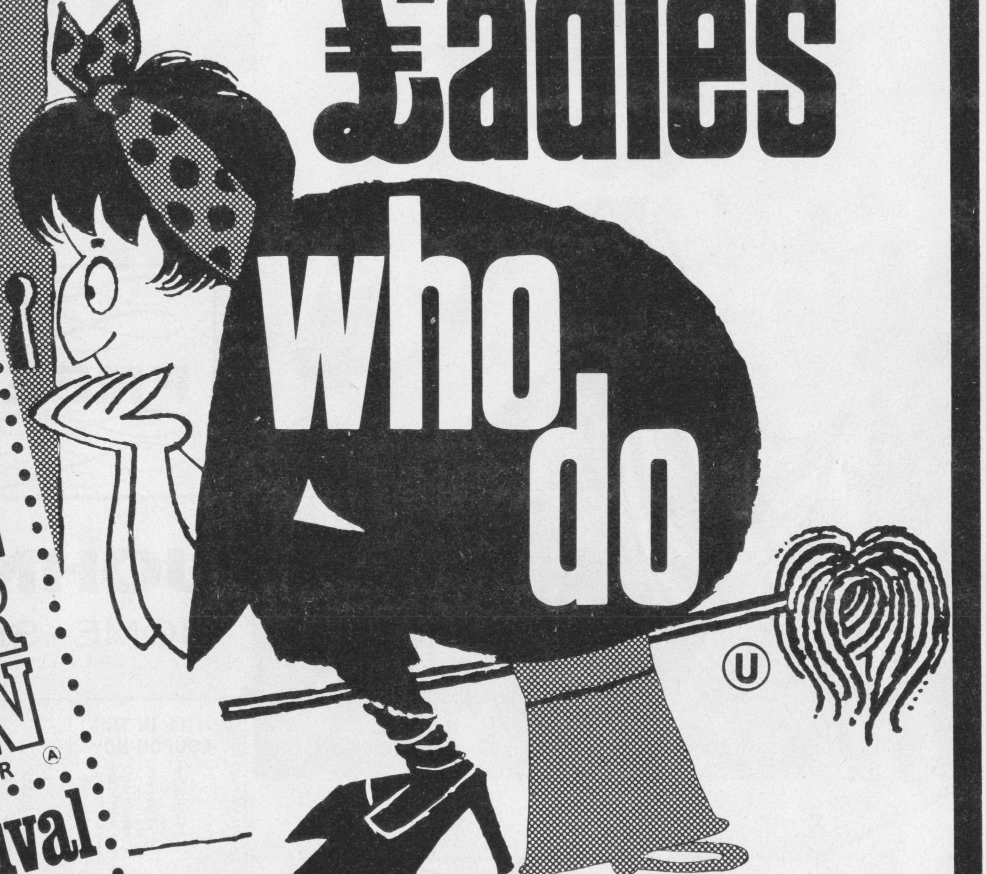

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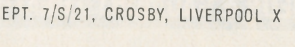

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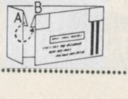

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SHOW TIME

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COVER
James Garner

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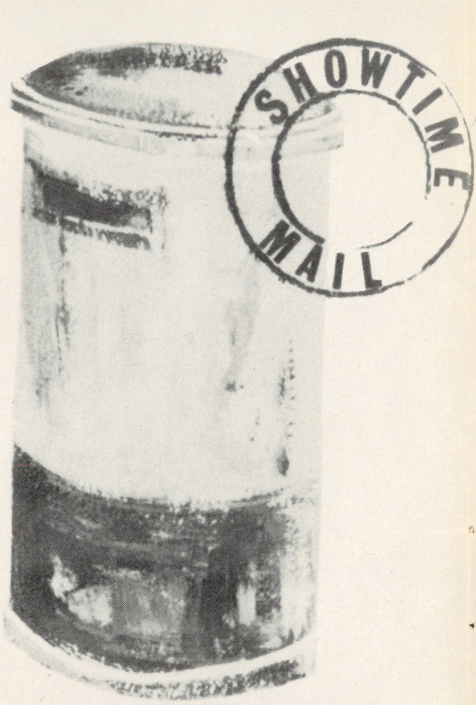


The face I really miss

There are many Hollywood stars I admired who now seem to have been completely forgotten. New faces have emerged to take their place.

Perhaps the star I miss most of all, since his tragic death, is Alan Ladd. He was no great actor, but he had that indefinable quality that made him one of the most popular personalities in pictures.

I remember him particularly in Appointment With Danger, Two Years Before The Mast, Wild Harvest *and, of course,* Shane.

It seems just yesterday he was the star everyone wanted to see. It wasn't. I was sorting through some old magazines the other day and I found a picture of him. It was from, what was then his new picture, And Now Tomorrow. *The magazine was dated,* 1945.

B. Redcliffe (Mrs.),
Hanbury Road,
London, S.W.11.

Alan Ladd: today his screen appearances are rare.

A break for Julie

I was glad to read that Julie Andrews won the female lead in the screen version of Sound of Music. *She must have been terribly disappointed when Audrey Hepburn got the film part of Eliza in* My Fair Lady, *which she created in the West End. This makes up for it.*

Rita Poole,
Cowper Road,
London, N.14.

Holden on the move

One actor who doesn't seem to miss Hollywood one bit is William Holden. He hasn't been before a camera in America for over five years.

Holden said in a recent interview: "I have a reputation for going to various parts of the world to take advantage of the backgrounds. I will continue to do so and I think many other actors will follow."

So it looks as if Hollywood, as far as he is concerned, has finally had it.

Peter Davidson,
Dundee,
Scotland.

McQueen's next

I think one of the most talented actors in films today is Steve McQueen. What is his next film to be?

Roy Davis,
Kensington High Street,
London, W.8.

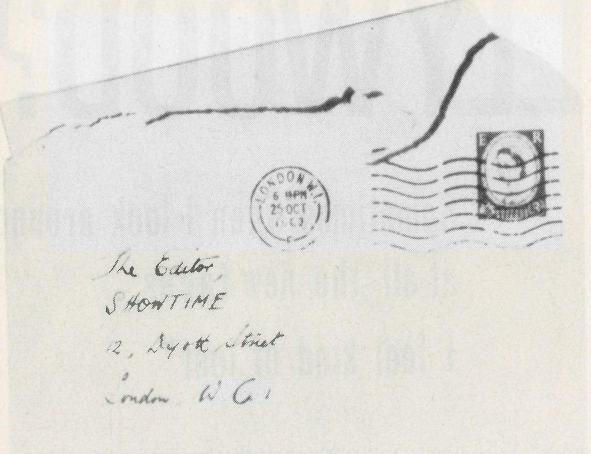
(McQueen stars with Lee Remick, Don Murray and Paul Fix in *The Travelling Lady.*)

A Yogi Bear film?

I heard a film is being made with Yogi Bear as the star—is that right?

Wanda Chivers,
Cranley Gardens,
London, S.W.7.

(It is. A feature cartoon, titled *Hey There, It's Yogi Bear*, is now in production.)



The Editor,
SHOWTIME
12, Dyott Street
London W.C.1

Stewart's view

HARD work doesn't bother James Stewart. I read that after launching his new film, *Take Her, She's Mine*, in the big cities, he then toured smaller towns to get the film off to a good start.

"But," said Stewart, "when you tour you've got to do something besides just telling them you're there to plug your film. I give my views on all sides of filming—production, locations, the lot. They love to hear my opinions and I find it interesting."

If more stars did the same to create interest in films, I'm sure there would be fewer flops.

Maurice Shepard,
Palmerston Road,
Twickenham, Middlesex.

The magic is lost

HAVING just seen Judy Garland do a stage show I can understand why she has failed so often to have the same impact in films as she has in the theatre.

Judy began her act quietly but, as the audience warmed, she warmed, too. By the time she was a quarter way through the whole place was humming.

Judy is a star who needs an audience—she feels them with her and she responds to their excitement. But in the cold atmosphere of a film studio, no matter how hard everyone tries, it is not the same. And the magic is lost.

Marion Winstone,
Bletchley,
Buckinghamshire.

A great team

I am so glad that Romy Schneider is to make another film with Luchino Visconti, *The Countess*. These two make a great team.

As for Miss Schneider—I think she has emerged as the screen's most exciting actress in the past year. Her performance in *The Cardinal* is excellent. I am sure she will soon rank as one of the world's most popular stars.

Peter Dyke,
Castle Street,
Farnham, Surrey.

Wayne as millions have seen him.
He is currently starring in McLintock!

HOLLYWOOD?

"Sometimes when I look around at all the new faces, I feel kind of lost"

You couldn't miss him, standing there at the bar with a drink in one hand, a riding whip in the other, a cowboy hat perched at an angle on his head and thick trousers tucked into leather boots that almost reached his knees.

Old Duke himself: John Wayne. A head and shoulders taller than anyone else around, his face tanned the colour of old boots. A friendly face with sleepy eyes. A face as well known as any in the world.

No one could mistake Wayne for, after 35 years in showbusiness, he has been seen in some 250 roles. A remarkable record.

Now here he was in Madrid completing the new Sam Bronston picture, *Circus World*. At 55 he looked in tremendous shape and, when I joined him for a drink, I told him so.

"There's no reason why I shouldn't look fit," he said, his face creasing into a smile. "I take care of myself. I eat well, I work hard and I never allow myself to get bored. There's no better way to keep in trim.

"Not allowing myself to get bored is particularly important. Boredom will age you before anything. Sometimes you take a pounding from this business, but it never lets you sit back.

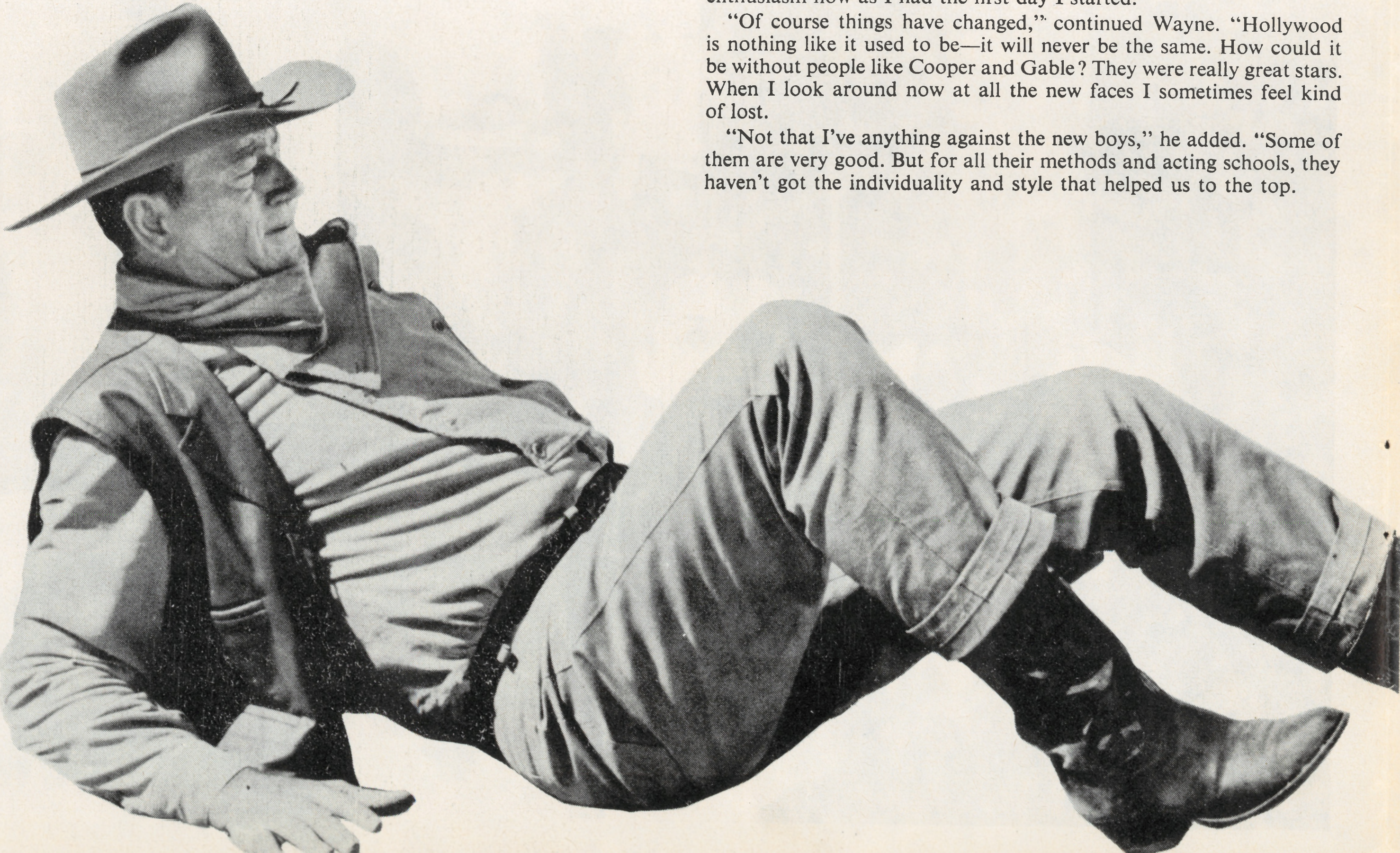
"People ask me if, after all these years, some of my enthusiasm hasn't been washed away. I tell you, the night before I started work on this picture I couldn't sleep. It's always the same. I still get nervous.

"Enthusiasm? The day I lose that I'll pack my bags so fast you won't see me for dust. But I can't ever see it happening. I've got as much enthusiasm now as I had the first day I started.

"Of course things have changed," continued Wayne. "Hollywood is nothing like it used to be—it will never be the same. How could it be without people like Cooper and Gable? They were really great stars. When I look around now at all the new faces I sometimes feel kind of lost.

"Not that I've anything against the new boys," he added. "Some of them are very good. But for all their methods and acting schools, they haven't got the individuality and style that helped us to the top.

He looked in tremendous shape.



It will never be the same again, sighs Mr Wayne

"We have our tricks. Our own way of doing things on the screen that makes us different from anyone else. Cary Grant knows a trick or two. So do I. My favourite trick is not to speak a whole sentence—I pause just before the end and then complete it. People would only notice it if I stopped doing it.

"The trouble with actors like Marlon Brando is there are so many others out of the same school. But who was ever like Gable or Coop? No one."

Wayne was interrupted by a Spaniard waving a scrap of paper. He wanted an autograph. Wayne signed. The man clutched the actor's hand and shook it vigorously, before scampering into the street.

"In Spain this is happening all the time," said Wayne. "The other day I was cornered by a complete stranger. He wanted to tell me all about his family, so I let him. He was pretty proud of his family, that man. Well, I've got six children and seven grandchildren and I'm proud of them. I appreciated what he was saying.

"I'll tell you something—I never get tired of people. I can't remember the last time I gave someone the cold shoulder. Unless people are really rude they're going to find it mighty hard getting into trouble with me. My last street fight was with a couple of boilermakers—and that was years ago."

Although Wayne probably ranks as Hollywood's greatest star—his films have grossed about 350,000,000 dollars, a record that most Hollywood people believe will never be beaten—he has seldom collected rave notices from the critics for his work.

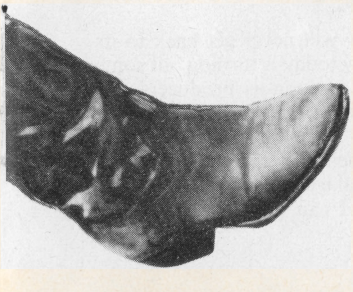
"I've never pretended to be a great actor," he told me. "But what ever I do, I do sincerely and I guess I wouldn't have lasted this long if I'd been as bad as some people have suggested.

"Today I'm happy. I've got my family, my home, my boat and a job of work to do. When you get to my age it takes a lot to get you down.

"I've done my share of worrying," he said with a grin. "I don't think I'll lose much sleep in the future."

Peter Tipthorp

"We have our tricks," says Wayne. "Our own way of doing things on the screen that makes us different from anyone else."



What I have *against* TV

Koster, one of Hollywood's most experienced directors—he made *My Blue Heaven*, *Harvey*, *My Cousin Rachel*, the first Cinemascope picture, *The Robe*, and the new James Stewart-Sandra Dee comedy, *Take Her, She's Mine*—writes about a subject close to his heart.

by Henry Koster

THERE was a time, not long ago, when it looked as if the film industry was fighting a losing battle against television.

In Britain, as well as America, fewer people were leaving their firesides for their entertainment and the motion picture business was really feeling the pinch.

Today, however, the position is changing rapidly. People are getting bored with TV. They are going out for their entertainment—they are going back to the cinemas. And, as a man who has spent all his life in the film business, I couldn't be happier.

Of course, there's a lot to be said for TV. In many ways it is an excellent medium. Because of the excellent news and documentary programmes, people have never been more aware of what is going on in the world. Educational programmes give young people a wonderful chance to learn in an interesting way. Some of the variety shows bring you face to face with the world's finest artistes and, for sports fans, it is a tremendous medium.

Yes, TV has its good points. But, as far as the film industry is concerned, it has done a lot of harm.

To begin with, people didn't believe films could offer them anything that TV couldn't. That is why they stayed at home.

Now, as I say, people are finding they are wrong. A film can, in many ways, offer far more than TV.

To begin with, the best writers are working for the film industry, so you get better scripts. The best directors work for the film industry, too. You also get the top actors and actresses.

Not only that, directors are putting subjects on the big screen today that could never have the same impact on TV. They realise they have to offer the public something they can never see at home.

Colour TV? I know it is being introduced in this country—it is already very popular in the States—but, really, you cannot compare the colour that you get on the big screen with the colour on TV. Not only is colour TV far behind, but you spend half the time twiddling knobs trying to get the picture right.

There are other reasons why I think people are tiring of TV and are turning to the cinema again for their entertainment. Sitting at home and watching TV is not really relaxing.

You sit in a cinema and, if it's a good film, you are completely swept up with the story. At home there are interruptions—the telephone, visitors, TV commercials. For this reason I don't think anyone can watch TV and be completely relaxed.

Although people today are going into the cinema more often than they have for years, I am not suggesting that producers are having a worry-free time.

Most people in the industry realise that the ingredients for a film hit are as tricky to put together now as they have ever been.

Big stars no longer guarantee a hit. There are stars you stand a better chance with—Cary Grant, Gregory Peck, James Stewart, Sophia Loren, Shirley MacLaine and others—but even they cannot guarantee you a box-office hit.

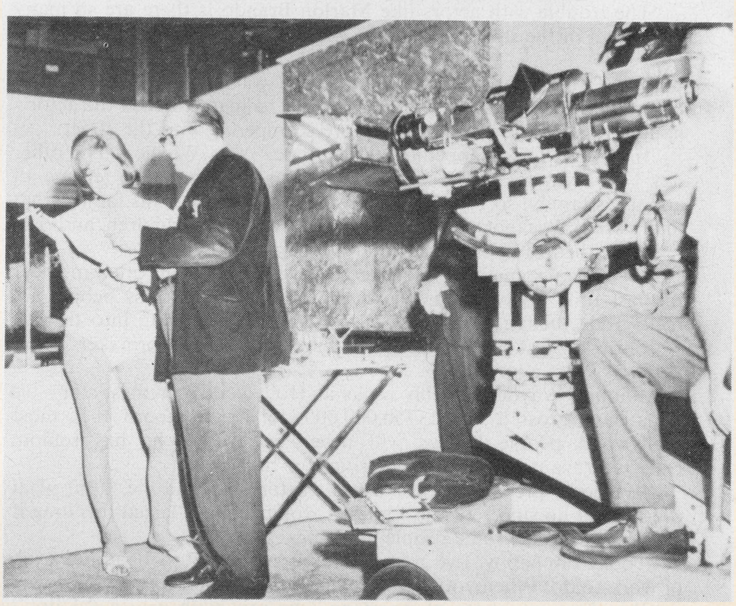
It is a combination of several things that makes a successful film; to begin with, the story and the stars you chose for your story. You must have the right chemistry.

A perfect example was *Pillow Talk*. People seeing the title and discovering that Doris Day and Rock Hudson were the stars had a good idea they were in for some fun if they saw it.

Which brings me to another important point. Not only do you have to have the right title, the right story and the right stars, but you have to make sure the stars go well together.

Some actors and actresses, popular as they might be, would just not go well together on the screen. The chemistry would not be right.

It is, I think, a great shame that today we do not have stars whose names are magic at the box-office. But for TV, I believe there would be more exciting young actors and actresses. The trouble is, TV devours them and kills their chance of becoming big film personalities.



Koster talks over a scene with Sandra Dee.

Often you see a girl on TV who might become a star. But because the care cannot be taken on TV, she is not seen at her best. She does not get the best scripts, or the best directors.

The same girl in a film might prove a sensation. But with TV demanding new faces all the time, she is usually lost in the crowd.

In films a young artiste is given far more chance to appear at his or her best. But, even in films, there is not the time to groom a talent so that it will have an immediate impact. Stars are not made overnight.

I remember Robert Taylor talking about his part in *Camille*, with Greta Garbo. Taylor was a newcomer and he admits he didn't know what he was doing while making that film. But he had people around him who made sure he didn't put a foot wrong. The result? He was a star on the strength of one picture.

When I hear people say the film industry will never get back to its old greatness I have to disagree. The industry today is turning out some of the most exciting films ever made. And as long as producers and directors make films that *entertain*, I think the industry will become even bigger and more successful.

I am not one for encouraging the kitchen-sink dramas and films about drunks and dope addicts. I want to make people laugh. I want to send them away feeling a little better. If I can do that I will have achieved what I set out to do.

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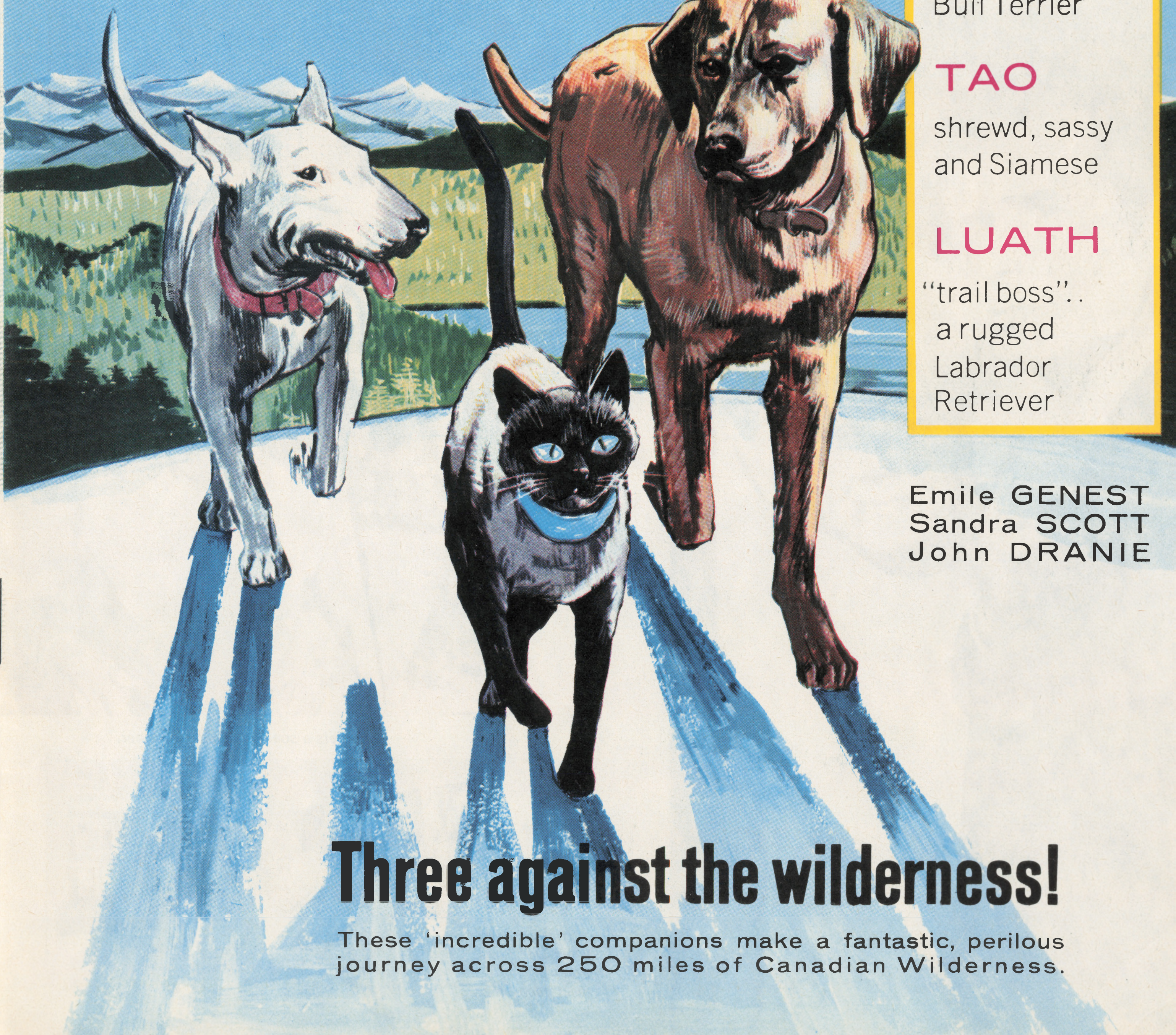

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SHOW TIME puts a call through to Doris Day in Hollywood— and gets the

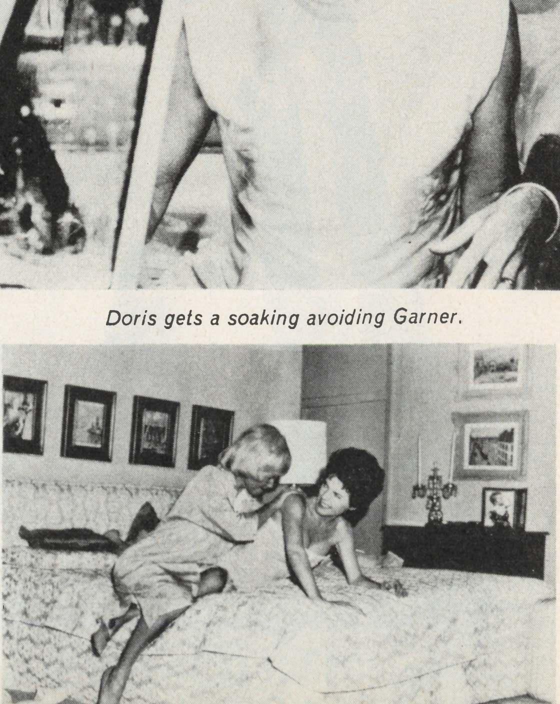
UPROAR!

When Doris gate-crashes her husband's

Together—but for how long?

Doris and Polly battle out their problem.

Doris gets a soaking avoiding Garner.



A tricky moment when Doris and Polly Bergen meet each other.

low-down on her latest film

honeymoon

Garner fakes an injury in an attempt to get himself out of trouble.

With the greetings over, Showtime's Paul Jackson came straight to the point—and the famous star's voice came loud and clear from 5,500 miles away . . .

SHOWTIME: Doris, we're delighted your new film with James Garner, *Move Over, Darling*, has been chosen for the Royal Film Show. We'd like you to tell us something about it.

DORIS DAY: What would you like to know?

ST: To begin with, is it anything like the last comedy you made with Garner, *The Thrill Of It All*?

DD: Well, *The Thrill Of It All* was a comedy and told the story of a couple in a domestic crisis. This film is a comedy too—and there's a domestic crisis, I can tell you! That apart, it's completely different. And a bit complicated.

ST: Let's start with your part. What character do you play?

DD: I play Ellen, James Garner's wife.

ST: That sounds simple enough.

DD: It is—until I join him on his honeymoon.

ST: Wouldn't he expect you to turn up for the honeymoon?

DD: He would—if I were his wife.

ST: But you just said . . . ?

DD: I said I *was* his wife. But when I turn up on his honeymoon I'm not his wife. I told you it was complicated.

ST: Who is his wife then?

DD: A girl called Bianca Steele—she's played by Polly Bergen.

ST: But what is Garner doing on honeymoon with Polly Bergen when he's married to you? That's bigamy.

DD: It certainly is! And that's what makes the character I play really mad!

ST: There must be more to it than that?

DD: There is. You see, I've been on a desert island.

ST: With Garner?

DD: No. With Adam.

ST: Adam?

DD: That's what I am supposed to have called him. And he called me Eve. Actually his name isn't Adam, but Stephen Burkett. He's a hotel lifeguard. Burkett is played by Chuck Conners. But I pretend it's a timid little shoe clerk I've been on the island with. He's . . .

ST: Wait a minute! Let's just recap.

DD: I warned you it was complicated.

ST: You weren't joking. Now—you are married to James Garner but he is also married to Polly Bergen and on his honeymoon when the story begins. Where does the desert island come in?

DD: A good question. You see, I'm believed dead.

ST· Dead?

DD: Dead. There has been an accident and I've been lost at sea.

ST: Now it's beginning to make sense. Garner, believing you're dead, marries again.

DD: Exactly. I disappeared five years earlier and, as I haven't been found, he asks the court to declare me legally dead. Meanwhile, unknown to him, I'm rescued.

ST: Naturally you're upset.

DD: Upset? That's putting it mildly. When I discover they are spending their honeymoon at the same hotel I spent mine, I really get wild. Do you blame me?

ST: Not a bit. Does Garner realise what has happened?

DD: He does when I gate-crash his honeymoon. There's an uproar. He thinks he's seeing a ghost. I soon put him right on that score.

ST: And what about Miss Bergen? Does she realise what has happened?

DD: Not at first. I pose as Garner's masseuse. Then he learns about Adam.

ST: And then?

DD: And then . . . well, I don't want to spoil the picture. Go and find out for yourself! I'll tell you one thing, though—it all ends up fine. But we have a good laugh before it does. I mean, it's a pretty crazy situation, isn't it?

Dirk as a SPY

by Bob Herrington

If Dirk Bogarde, in the role of Nicolas Whistler, doesn't strike you as being the kind of man the British Foreign Office—espionage department—would call on in an emergency, then the chances are you'll find a lot to chuckle about in the Betty Box-Ralph Thomas production, *Hot Enough For June*.

For in the film Bogarde does, indeed, become a spy.

It all happens by accident—and the amusing thing is it isn't until he's up to his neck in trouble with the Communist secret police that he realises what has happened.

Bogarde portrays a writer who was born in Czechoslovakia—and it is his knowledge of the language that lands him in danger.

Although Whistler is a work-shy layabout, he finds himself employed by one Colonel Cunliffe (Robert Morley) who happens to be a leading light in the espionage department at the Foreign Office.

It is he who sends Whistler off on the mission—without actually explaining to him just how dangerous it might turn out to be.

And very happy Whistler is when, on reaching Czechoslovakia, he meets a beautiful girl called Vlasta Simenova (Sylva Koscina).

What he doesn't know is that she is a spy and the daughter of Simenova (Leo McKern) the chief of the Communist counter-espionage service.

According to this comedy, however, even espionage agents are human and Whistler and the girl fall in love. It is then that the pace hots up and things become really complicated.

Although a star on the Continent, Sylva is comparatively unknown in this country. It is, in fact, Bogarde's leading lady's first British picture.

"I didn't know what to expect when I first arrived here for the film," she told me when we met at Pinewood. "I had heard a lot of frightening things about Englishmen—that they were cold and unfriendly. But I was pleasantly surprised. They are reserved, but I found them more interesting from a woman's point of view than Italian males.

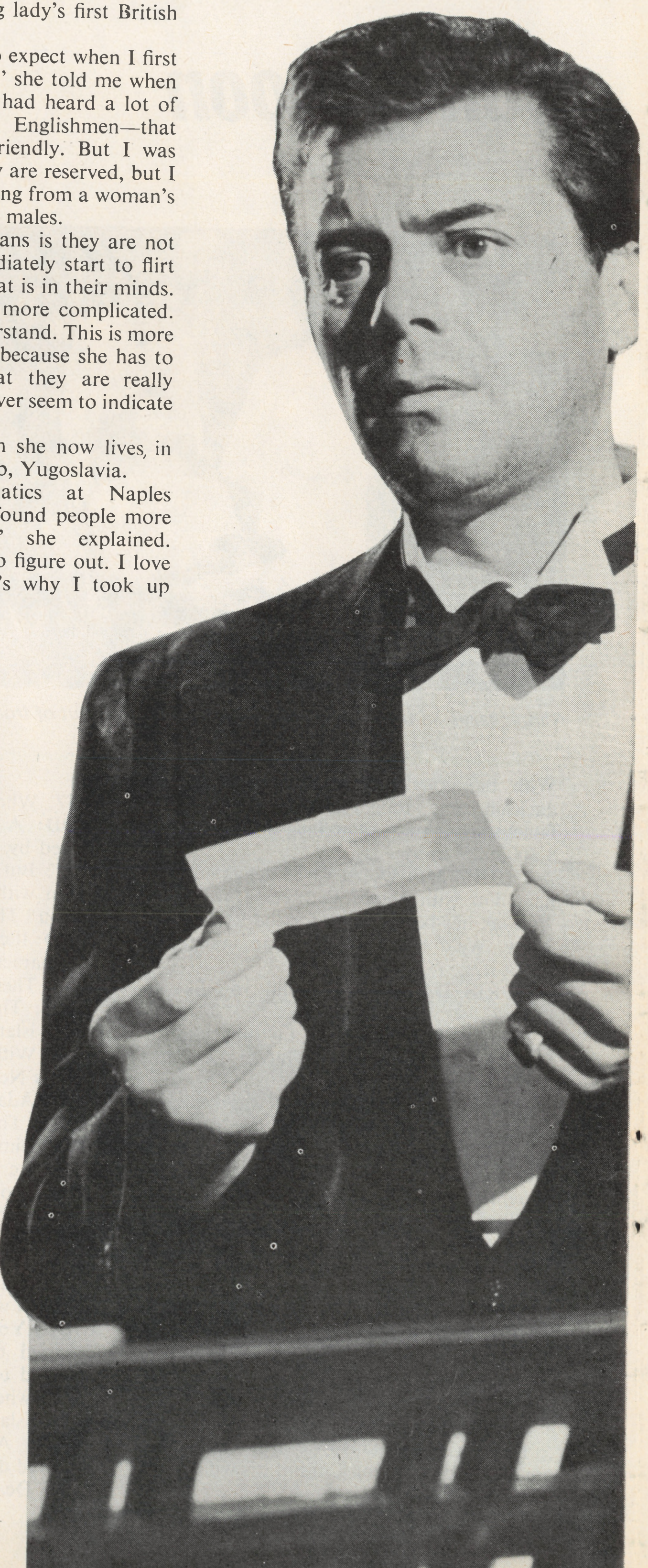
"The trouble with Italians is they are not at all subtle. They immediately start to flirt and you know exactly what is in their minds.

"With the English it's more complicated. They are not easy to understand. This is more interesting for a woman, because she has to discover for herself what they are really thinking—their actions never seem to indicate their thoughts."

Miss Koscina, although she now lives in Rome, was born in Zagreb, Yugoslavia.

She studied mathematics at Naples University. "But I soon found people more interesting than sums," she explained. "People are not so easy to figure out. I love studying characters—that's why I took up acting."

Relaxing with co-star Sylva Koscina.



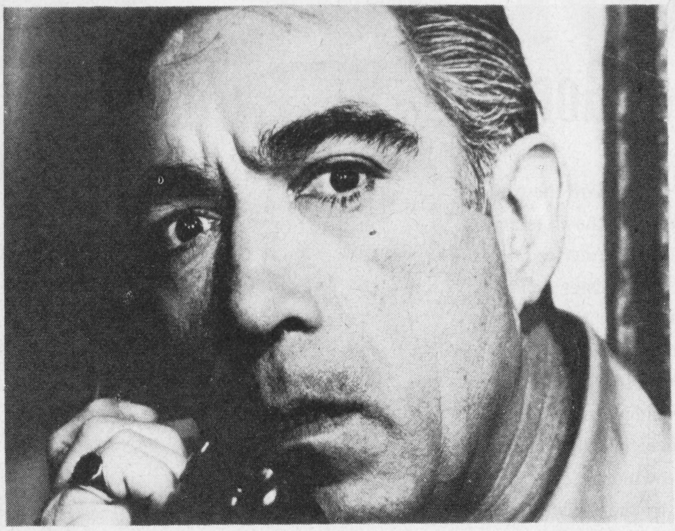
Right: "Englishmen are not easy to understand," says Sylva Koscina.

Below: Bogarde takes a ride through the city.

Peck as the fanatic, Manuel Artiguez.

PECK v QUINN

Conflict—when two screen giants play deadly enemies



Captain of police, Vinolas: Anthony Quinn.

Omar Sharif, as the priest.

The man with the price on his head in the new Fred Zinnemann film, *Behold A Pale Horse*, is, surprisingly, Gregory Peck.

If it had been the other star of the picture, Anthony Quinn, no one would have thought anything about it, for Quinn is an actor who revels in villainous roles.

But Peck? This was unusual. So unusual that when a publicity man first announced that Peck had been cast as Manuel Artiguez, a terrorist and bandit, and Quinn had been cast as Captain Vinolas, the chief of police, a Hollywood columnist asked: "Haven't you got it round the wrong way?"

He hadn't—and it was not long before Peck, so often seen on the screen as the hero who can do no wrong, was the man on the run, with 100,000 pesetas on his head. And it was Quinn who had vowed to capture him—dead or alive.

Behold A Pale Horse is set in the French Pyrenees and has been magnificently directed by Zinnemann. The story of hatred and vengeance between the policeman and the bandit has been brilliantly told.

"The character I play is completely different from anything I've done before," said Peck. "Manuel is not the conventional villain. He is a fanatic—a one-man army—who has been fighting his own private war for more than 15 years."

Every trick is used

Quinn's role as the police captain is just as interesting. Vinolas can never relinquish the idea of capturing and killing his enemy, whom he has been hunting for 15 years. He is a man who lives a full life and loves it, but is nevertheless haunted by the fact that his enemy has not been seen for almost two years. He uses every trick to provoke him into showing himself.

You will see in *Behold A Pale Horse* some of the finest scenes, involving a horse and horseman against a bull, ever filmed.

In these scenes, the only weapon used was a wooden pole, carried by Quinn to ward off the bull's horns when they got perilously close to his horse. At one point the animal was grazed and the action was stopped to allow him to be examined.

What you will not see on the screen is the show put on by Zinnemann for the villagers at Montfrin, where locations were shot, after his work there was completed.

Dressed in full matador's regalia he entered the ring, circled the arena in the approved and traditional style, bowed to the crowd and then turned the entertainment over to the Spanish professionals who, for the next hour, executed every feat of daring known.

Just the right material

Although Peck and Quinn capture most of the attention in *Behold A Pale Horse* there is an excellent performance by Omar Sharif. He plays a priest, Father Francisco, who is accidentally drawn into the bitter duel between the two other men.

He refuses to make deals, refuses to equivocate or to step aside from his convictions and his vows, though his own life is endangered.

The three men give studied, well-drawn performances and, with Zinnemann's direction, make the film exciting and unusual.

But how was it that Zinnemann came to direct *Behold A Pale Horse* in the first place? What happened to the film he was making, *Hawaii*, based on the James Michener novel?

"The script of *Hawaii* needed additional work before it could be filmed," explained Zinnemann. "And four years is a long time to be unrepresented on the screen. The last thing I did was *The Sundowners*. That was in 1959.

"So, I was looking for a simple, technically uncomplicated story, about a few vital people which would excite me and, in turn, excite audiences. I found this in the Emeric Pressburger novel, *Killing A Mouse On Sunday*. It was just the type of material I was seeking.

By one of those strange coincidences, his attention had been drawn to the book by his own wife. Mike Frankovich, of Columbia, had given a copy of the Pressburger novel to Mrs. Zinnemann. He thought she would enjoy reading it. Columbia had just acquired the film rights to the novel, but Frankovich insists he was not trying to interest Zinnemann by getting at him through his wife. Still, it happened this way.

Mrs. Zinnemann, who has taken an interest in her husband's career since their marriage in 1936, was so impressed with the book's possibilities, that she took it to him.

"It proved the ideal answer," Zinnemann said. "By far the most enthralling story I had come across since starting work on *Hawaii*. Also it had a new and pictorially fascinating background in the Pyrenees. It could not have worked out better!"

Film of the month

CHARADE

Reviewed by Edward Goring

SHORT titles are still the rage, otherwise *Charade* could have been called *A Funny Thing Happened To Me On The Way To The Mortuary*.

Team Cary Grant with Audrey Hepburn in a Parisian setting, under the direction of Stanley Donen, and most people would say the result is bound to be a highly predictable soufflé of sophisticated romance.

In *Charade* they get more than this. Stand by for a shock. This time, the soufflé is served up *a la* Hitchcock.

Even before the credits, a man is hurled from an express train. This is the first in a light-hearted series of violent murders.

As the film is firmly tongue-in-cheek about the victims, I am unlikely to be accused of bad taste if I say that sophistication reaches the point where every new corpse keeps interest alive, and is the cue for another deadpan crack.

Example: *"Any morning now you can wake up dead."*

The plot will not keep anyone in suspense *a la* Hitchcock, but it does keep one guessing until the last minute. It would be unfair to spoil the whodunnit angle by giving away too much.

Briefly, let me explain that Audrey gets mixed up in a glorified cops-and-robbers game, which has the nightmarish quality of coming out of the pages of a thriller into ordinary everyday life.

It is her husband who is bundled off the train when it is far from stationary. Unknown to her, he had booked passage to South America.

Three mystery men put in a sinister appearance at the funeral to make sure he is dead. A fourth mystery man summons Audrey to the American Embassy, announces that her husband stole 250,000 dollars belonging to the U.S. Government, and warns her that the men at the funeral believe she has the money.

Shadowed and menaced by the sinister trio, she turns for protection to Cary Grant. He just happens to be around.

She literally cries on his shoulder, apologising for making his suit wet.

"That's all right," says Cary. *"It's drip-dry."*

The dialogue keeps up this brittle, dry-Martini quality as the inevitable romance develops.

"Would you like to see where I was tattooed?" he asks. Yes, she would. *"O.K. We'll drive round that way."*

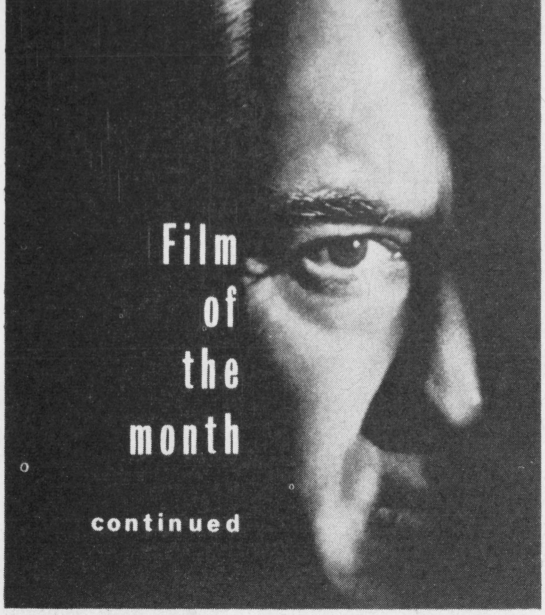
But *does* the charming, smooth Mr. Grant just *happen* to be around? And since he is on talking terms with the three bad men out to kill Miss Hepburn, whose side is he on?

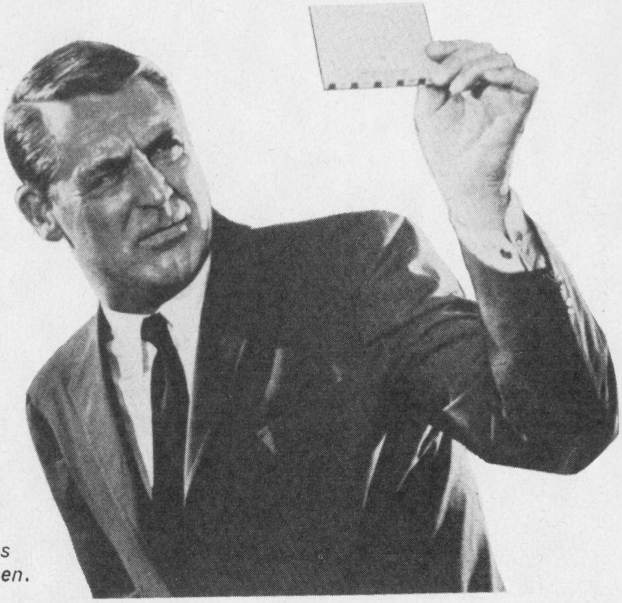
The missing quarter of a million was in gold, stolen during the war by *five* soldiers in American military intelligence who hid it, pretended the Germans had captured it, and planned to collect and share out after the war.

Continued overleaf

THE PLOT KEEPS ONE GUESSING UNTIL THE LAST MINUTE . . .

Far right: Cary Grant jumps into action. Right: Audrey's eyes grow wider and yet wider.





Cary: he's on talking terms with the three bad men.

CHARADE

Audrey's husband was one of the team. He got to the money first and was fleeing France with it when the others caught up with him on that train . . .

The sinister trio make the number up to four, but who is the fifth man in the plot? This is the real mystery and it deepens every time Cary Grant assumes one of his many false names during the picture.

Each fresh alias is a stumbling block to Audrey's romance, but the gay, colourful Parisian setting and Grant's debonair brand of drollery combine to get the Hepburn girl over the hurdles.

Meanwhile, back at the mortuary . . . The sinister trio dwindles. Three . . . two . . . one . . . none.

Again, I got that funny feeling that Donen was looking over Hitchcock's shoulder.

The pug-ugly who uses his artificial hand to grisly advantage in a fight is drowned in a bath. (*"Now maybe Charlie will meet up with his other hand"*: the script can be quite callous). Modern methods are brought in for the man who is murdered with a plastic bag. A neat theatrical flourish is introduced for the victim who makes an unrehearsed exit through a stage trap-door.

Charade, in case you haven't got the message, is an off-beat mixture. It gently spoofs high drama on a note of high comedy and for this reason it could have been a disaster. Only Hitch can get away with it completely.

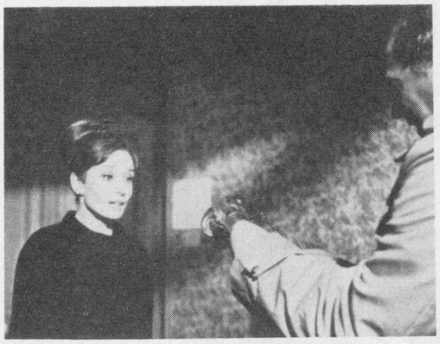
But in its two stars and producer-director Donen, *Charade* has a team of tightrope walkers who avoid the pitfalls.

Throughout the film, Audrey Hepburn has little scope, beyond her startled-fawn role. Her eyes, believe it or not, open wider and yet wider in bewilderment at each new twist.

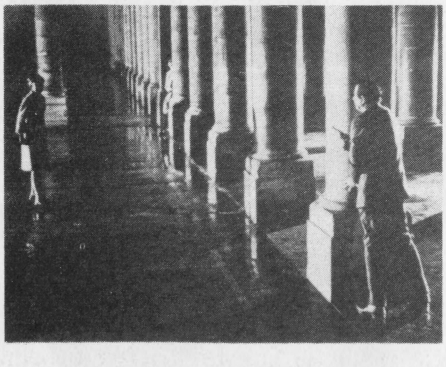
Cary Grant is exactly as you saw him in his last film, whatever it might have been, and no one is going to complain about that. A shade older perhaps, and that callous script even takes care of this—*"At my age who wants to hear the word 'serious'?"* he asks, as she makes her first pass.

And this is the film's philosophy. Don't take it seriously. Don't take anything seriously. *Charade* is fun. It makes a couple of hours of delightful screen entertainment, and the splendid colour photography of Paris in Spring, lovers strolling along the banks of the Seine, is a welcome breath of gaiety after the rigours of an English winter.

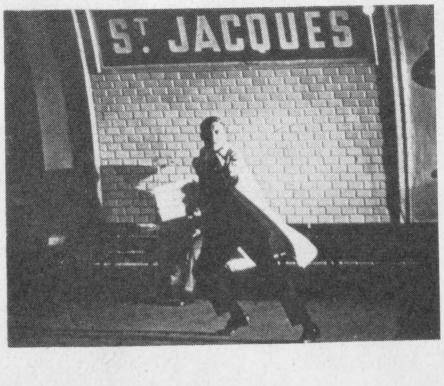
An artificial hand is used to grisly advantage.

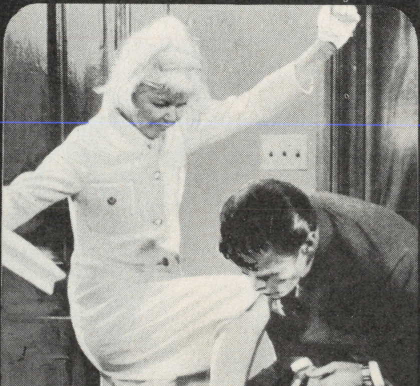


A moment of terror for Audrey.



For Cary the chase is on.





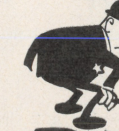
IT'S SHEER BEDLAM FROM MORNING 'TIL NIGHT !

20th CENTURY-FOX presents
A CINEMASCOPE PICTURE

DORIS DAY
JAMES GARNER
POLLY BERGEN

in

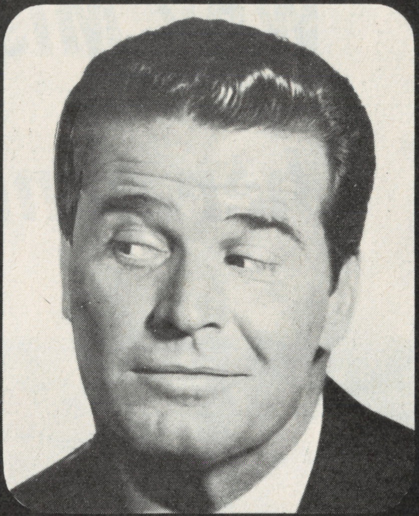
An AARON ROSENBERG-MARTIN MELCHER Production

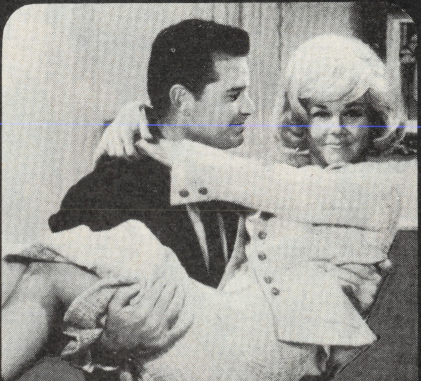


MOVE OVER, DARLING

A

COLOUR by De LUXE





Co-Starring
THELMA RITTER · FRED CLARK · DON KNOTTS · ELLIOTT REID · And With **CHUCK CONNORS** AS ADAM

Produced by AARON ROSENBERG & MARTIN MELCHER · Directed by MICHAEL GORDON · Screenplay by HAL KANTER & JACK SHER

Based on a Screenplay by BELLA SPEWACK & SAMUEL SPEWACK
Story by BELLA SPEWACK, SAMUEL SPEWACK & LEO McCAREY

CHOSEN FOR THE ROYAL FILM PERFORMANCE FEB 24.
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Why Miss Loncar doesn't wear her mink to school

Beba's film, The Ninth Circle, *was entered at the Cannes Film Festival and was also nominated for an Oscar.*

● "My name is Beba, which—in my own language—means baby. I don't think there's anything babyish about me, though. I feel quite grown up."

Her green eyes flashed and she pushed back the Niagara of blonde hair from her face. There was no doubt about it—there's nothing babyish about 19-year-old Beba Loncar, Yugoslavia's most celebrated screen actress.

"I don't try to fool people that I know everything," she went on. "I may feel adult, but I know I still have a lot to learn. When *do* you stop learning? Never, I'd say. I want to cram as much knowledge into my brain as I can. I am an actress and I love it—but I'm also a full-time student at Belgrade University. I think the more a girl can learn—about anything—the better actress she becomes. Learning is never wasted."

Miss Loncar—who is just about the most stunning blonde I have encountered for a long time—is unknown in this country. But if you listen to Richard Widmark, who stars in her new film, *The Long Ships*, you will believe she will not remain unknown for long.

"Beba has a special quality that will take her right to the top," he says. "She is a very bright girl."

Beba—you pronounce it "Baybar"—has starred in two films which were official Yugoslav entries at the Cannes Film Festival—*The Ninth Circle* and *When Love Has Ended*. She is the darling of the European critics and reporters, and has collected as many rave notices as any Continental actress you care to mention. *The Long Ships*, however, will be her first international film. Apart from Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier, Russ Tamblyn and Oscar Homolka also star.

"I am excited about my career," she explained, "but I am still not going to forget about my studies because of any success that has come my way. I am learning French language and literature and Latin. I love languages—you can learn so much more from people if you speak to them in their own tongue."

They pulled my leg

I asked Miss Loncar what her classmates thought of having a film actress in their midst.

"I would not dream of acting like a star in front of them," she said. "If I did I'd be in trouble, because in Yugoslavia pretensions and insincerity are scorned.

"I remember once I wore sunglasses in class. Everyone went around saying, '*Isn't it bright in here.*' They really pulled my leg and even started a collection to send me to Hollywood. It was a joke—but I soon got the message. I didn't wear the glasses again.

"Neither do I wear my mink coat to class. I doubt if it would stay on my back for five minutes if I did. I hate to think what comments would be made. And I wouldn't blame the other students. It's all very well dressing up for parties and things like that—but a school cloakroom is hardly the place to hang a mink.

"When I'm in class I seldom talk about my film work," added Beba. "If my friends ask me questions I answer them, but I know what a bore I would become if I started telling everyone all about the films I make. It would really put people off seeing them. I find they are far more interested in what I do if I only talk about it at the right time and place."

When Beba was 15 she was chosen to introduce a children's programme on television. For two years she read fairy stories, narrated puppet shows and interviewed youngsters. Now that is all behind her.

"I'm an ambitious girl," she told me. "In the film business you have to be. If you do anything in a half-hearted manner it shows. If I do something I do it enthusiastically."

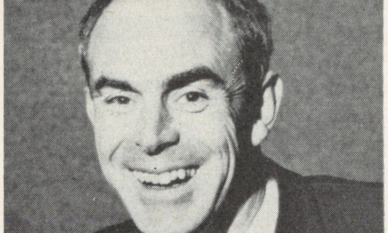
In *The Long Ships* Beba plays a princess who is taken as a hostage by a Viking adventurer (Richard Widmark). Later she falls into the hands of Moorish warriors.

"I hope the part will lead to more big productions," said Beba. "Then my friends will not need to start a collection to send me to Hollywood. I'd rather be able to afford the trip myself . . ."

John Webster

"I remember once I wore sunglasses in class and my friends started a collection to send me to Hollywood."

As she appears in the new Irving Allen production, The Long Ships.



the Dick Tatham column

BILLY J. IRONS OUT HIS PROBLEMS . . .

If you earned £1,000 a week, would you wash your own shirts? Probably not. But Billy J. Kramer is in that heady income bracket—and *he* washes his own shirts. Not because he likes it. Not because he digs dispelling dirt with detergents. But for the simple reason there is sometimes no way out . . .

When I dropped into his dressing room, there was the Liverpool lad himself about to suspend a madly dripping shirt on a hanger over the washbasin.

"This one is for first house tomorrow night," he announced with the air of someone in complete control of a situation. "Have to look ahead with this laundering business. I don't know how it would feel, going on stage in a wet shirt. And I'm not aiming to find out."

Billy hooked the hanger to his clothes line—a bit of string rigged craftily between two hot water pipes. Then he switched his attention to another shirt which was spread on a towel. Into a power point was plugged Billy's electric iron.

"*This* shirt," explained the 20-year-old pop star, "is for second house tonight. Won't take me long to iron. I always do the back first. Then the collar. Then the cuffs. The front I leave till last—otherwise it gets all creased, while you are doing the other bits, and the creases show."

Although Billy takes an iron and all the other laundering gear with him on tour, he doesn't wash *all* his own shirts. If he did, he would almost be forced to treat showbusiness as a part-time job. You see, he uses 21 shirts a week. One a day for private use. Two a day for his stage performances.

Billy's mum does what *any* good mum would do under the circumstances. She tries doggedly to cope. She launders his shirts as fast as he can get them back to her. She parcels them up and whips them into the post with unflagging zeal. BUT sometimes the post reaches one theatre after Billy has already left for the next. And it is in such a crisis he brings his own laundering talents to bear.

"At times it's a bit of a lumber," he says. "But I don't care. I believe in being spick 'n span whether I am on stage or off. Though I think they always need a touch with the iron, I'm dead grateful drip-dry shirts were invented by the time I came into showbusiness. How people on tour managed the laundry problem before then, I just can't imagine."

From Billy J. Kramer's shirts to Cliff Richard's Spanish . . . Having spent a couple of weeks staying at the same hotel as Cliff in Las Palmas and visiting *Wonderful Life* locations in the Canary Islands, I report that Cliff simply has no time at all for studying Spanish grammar. But he *is* making a serious effort to pick up key words and phrases. And he *does* seem to have a flair for the pronunciation.

Yet we were both stumped one scorching afternoon on location, amid the giant sand dunes in the south of the Gran Canaria. The Spanish make-up girl had said something about her favourite singer being Collie. Cliff—clad in colourful Foreign Legion uniform—looked baffled. I was baffled, too.

"Quien es Collie?" I asked.

In reply I caught the words "cantante negro Americano."

I said to Cliff, "Do *you* know a coloured American singer named Collie—or Collett—or maybe Collins?"

He said he didn't. For a second we stood like Charlies. Then Cliff said it.

"Nat Keeng Collie?" he asked.

"Si, si," said the make-up girl.

Tough words . . . "Among the older and established stars there are some who are beginning to bore me. I don't associate greatness with just endurance. Just because you can last, that doesn't necessarily mean your talent is as exciting as that fact would seem to indicate. I'm thinking of Ella Fitzgerald and Frank Sinatra."

It would take a bit of nerve for an established singer to say that. It takes even more when the words come from a performer still striving for acceptance. Name: Mark Murphy.

But Mark is a 100 per cent right. As he says, Sinatra has made some great discs. So has Ella. But a fantastic amount of incredible nonsense has been written about them both. Far too many people have praised them unreservedly because it is the done thing. Far too few have listened to them critically.

Murphy? I first campaigned for him in print in 1957. He is a first rate performer. Give a spin to his latest LP, called "Rah!"

His tough quote comes, by the way, from America's "Down Beat" magazine. Last year their international poll of jazz critics voted Mark a talent worthy of wider recognition. I could have told 'em that in 1957. Maybe this racy, inventive singer will at last get the wide recognition he has for so long deserved.

As he says, "It hasn't been a matter of ups and downs. It's been more like a painfully slow and steady up."

Talking of talent reminds me that some folk have been saying this could be the year for Helen Shapiro's comeback as a Top Ten favourite. Maybe the cookie *will* crumble that way. But even if it doesn't, I am still certain Helen will be with us as a star performer not just for years to come, but for *decades* to come.

To hold an audience for 40 minutes or more the way she does, you have to be pretty good. Helen will develop into a performer in the Judy Garland class. And how often does Judy appear in the Top Ten?

Britain's top pop writer brings you the latest news and gossip from the disc world

Billy J. Kramer

Hugh Samson in a fascinating discussion with one of the screen's finest writers.

How I Write a Film Script

by Bryan Forbes

I've had no training—it's been sheer slogging and hardwork . . .

Q: In recent years, Bryan, you have turned out some of the most powerful film scripts to come from any screen writer. I particularly liked *The Angry Silence*, *The League Of Gentlemen*, *Only Two Can Play* and *The L-Shaped Room*. Now you have just completed *Seance On A Wet Afternoon*—and there are more subjects on the way. To begin with, what are the difficulties involved? Do you have difficulties?

A: I've never tackled a screenplay yet that didn't present difficulties and snags. In fact, *Seance On A Wet Afternoon* was a terribly difficult film to script. It is taken from a book by an Australian called Mark McShane—who is a very gifted writer. But when I got down to the surgical operation of translating the novel for the screen I found that certain things just didn't work. This was no reflection on McShane's work. It's simply that the translation to another medium presented, what appeared to be, insurmountable problems.

Q: How did you tackle the problems?

A: I wrote the first script in ten days. It was one of the quickest drafts I've ever done—a concentrated effort. I put in 12 hours a day. But that was only the beginning. As it turned out, I did four and a half complete scripts—and the final one was nothing like the first.

While writing I try to be reasonably objective. But all along I have doubts and I am always pessimistic about anything I tackle. I am a severe self-critic, which isn't such a bad thing to be.

Q: Can you usually knock off a script in ten days?

A: No. If you were to commission me to write a script today, I'd probably take about 12 weeks in all. There is, for instance, a period given to thought. Because I'm not writing doesn't mean I'm not planning; in fact, the mental activity on a new work goes on all the time—from when you wake until you fall asleep.

Here, word for word, is the scene which gave Forbes most satisfaction. "I wanted to write a love scene that was different and that said something," he said. It is from *The L-Shaped Room*. Leslie Caron and Tom Bell were the stars.

(EXT. HYDE PARK—DAY—
another part of the Park, in the grass. Quite a few people dotted about—some lying on the grass, others in deck chairs. Sound of children playing. The sun is still shining.
TRACKING IN—
to where Jane and Toby are lying side by side.
CLOSER—STILL TRACKING—
as we move in on them. They are not touching each other.)
TOBY (suddenly, after pause)
No, but I mean, why should I bore you with it?
JANE
You're not boring me.
TOBY
I haven't thought about her, not really, for six months now . . .Well, that's a lie of course . . . I've thought about her, but it's been different. A year ago I just used to shake all day, I couldn't even hold a newspaper—people used to look at me on trains as if I was some sort of freak. Well, I was, of course.
JANE
Was she very beautiful?
TOBY
I thought so . . . well, I still think so . . . Yes . . . Yes . . . I'm not telling the truth anyway. It's less than six months. The day I first saw you, I'd seen a picture of her that day in a glossy magazine. She was getting off a plane or getting on a plane, you know the waving bit. They travel a lot. I bought three copies. I kept throwing them away and then buying another. Then I rang her. Rang the number. The husband answered and I didn't hang up, you know, I asked for Bill or somebody . . . I could hear her in the background asking him who it was . . . the telephone must have been in the bedroom. Madness . . .

JANE (after pause)
What's it like when you love somebody?

TOBY
Bloody awful. Haven't you ever loved anybody.

JANE
I don't know. I don't think so.

TOBY
Right from the word go, her family, they killed it. Well, we killed it really, I killed it. Couldn't have gone on like it was. I could never see her alone there was always people. And her old man, he really worked at it. Told her I was Jewish . . . my mother was Jewish . . . Course he was always nice to my face, he was clever enough for that, and not that I blame him really. If I had a daughter like that, I'd be there with the shotgun, I wouldn't let her out of my sight. When I think of the risks we took . . . Still, she got her white wedding, two pages in the Tatler, and that's that. Why haven't you ever been in love. I don't believe it.

JANE
Why not?

TOBY
No particular reason, I just don't believe it. How old are you?

JANE
Twenty-seven.

Like most writers I work best under pressure. Basically, we're a lazy lot and stave off the evil day when we go to the typewriter and feed in the blank sheet of paper. But when I do get down to it I have very long sessions—sometimes as long as 15 hours a day, with very few breaks.

Q: Do you develop your character in your mind before starting to write, or do the characters take shape as you're writing?

A: Normally, when I get down to writing, I do have a firm idea of the characters as they will appear on the screen. But sometimes gremlins get to work, and quite often a character will take over and you find yourself going in a totally different direction from the one you had planned. But, in all writing, there are no hard and fast rules. You change the conception of a character as you think fit; sometimes it works out, sometimes it doesn't.

Q: What about the construction of the screenplay? Can sudden, last minute thoughts produce a change in situation or development?

A: Screen writing is like no other. There is, for instance, no form to a novel. The novel can be as long, and as short, as the writer wishes to make it. This isn't true of the screenplay which has to conform to a certain length. Sometimes you can write a scene which has filled seven pages. It seems a lot at the time but you think it is necessary to convey the idea. Next morning you read it again and think '*I don't need all this stuff*.' In the interval a short cut has presented itself, and this is typical of writing for the screen.

Take an incident where a woman is contemplating murder. A writer may spin many words to get over what is running through her mind. On the screen you can convey exactly what you need by a close-up of the woman and a close-up of a bottle of poison or a revolver in an open drawer. Simple—yet beforehand you may have spent days working out a scene which is not really needed.

When it comes to plot development, with screen writing you never stop working. If, like me, you are fortunate enough to be a writer-director this is a great advantage. I still go on writing and re-writing on the studio floor. It quite often happens that an actor will suggest a line which sounds better. And, when you rehearse a scene, it may become obvious to you that it doesn't work effectively. So you alter it. But you must know what you want. Wasted time in the studio costs a lot of money.

Q: But aren't last-minute changes a bad thing for the actors?

A: The bad thing is to communicate any sense of panic. I remember, as an actor, I often started films with no script at all. This is economical suicide. Generally speaking, if I find a scene won't work out in practice then I stay up all night and re-write until it does.

Actors—real actors—don't mind learning new lines quickly; they're used to it. And in many ways they prefer it. Long study doesn't improve. A good illustration of this was in *Whistle Down The Wind*. In the making of that film only Hayley Mills had a script. The rest of the children saw no script—in fact they didn't know what the picture was about. I used to tell them their lines about half an hour before we shot and I think the results were good. In point of fact, I have a horror of the trained child actor. They don't ring true. The way to get the best results from youngsters is to trap the immediate moment and, invariably, with a child the first 'take' is the best one.

Q: Do you think it essential for the screen writer to think visually?

A: In my case—yes. But you can't lay down any set rules. Indeed, it's possible for somebody to have a brilliant idea and write it without thinking of the camera. It's up to the director to translate it into camera terms.

Richard Attenborough and Kim Stanley in a scene from Seance On A Wet Afternoon.

Again, I'm fortunate. I have a thorough knowledge of what the camera can and can't do. Well, there is *nothing* the camera can't do. And, if there are rules that need breaking, I break them.

But, as I say, I do think visually when I write. I don't like film treatments or master scene scripts; I write, from the word go, what I would call a shooting script. It is what you could call a visual on paper. And if I can get excited by a visual on paper then I know I can get excited by it on film.

Q: Do you think that the script writer should be a technical man?

A: No, I don't. The screen writer should go and see good films and bad films, intelligent films and indifferent films. He should see what good directors and bad directors make of a film. The aspiring writer can learn more by going to the cinema than by reading any book. My advice is—don't waste money on courses; they will teach you nothing. Buy a season ticket to the local cinema and go every week to the National Film Theatre or the Classics and see great films of the past and the best films of the day. That is the way to learn. Forget all the theory business. It is rubbish.

Continued on page 30

Tom Bell and Leslie Caron in the park scene from The L-Shaped Room.

TOBY
Well, I don't believe it.

JANE
I don't believe it myself, but it's true.

TOBY
Well, I mean, it's nothing to do with 27, I didn't mean that, I just don't believe it because of what you are.

JANE
And what am I? You tell me.

TOBY
Who's fishing?

JANE
How d'you mean?

TOBY
Nothing. I'm not going to tell you. I want to keep the advantage.

JANE
You're quite right, of course. It's a terrible thing to get to 27 and have to look for excuses to leave home.

TOBY
That's what you did?

JANE (she nods)
I had a very good home, "good" underlined. I came to England because I was suffocating. All my girl friends were getting married, or at least having affairs . . . So I envy you.

TOBY
The shakes, you mean?

JANE
Yes, something like that.

TOBY
They're over-rated too. Its like a death sometimes . . . Love . . . Like a death . . . And people who talk about it are bores. Nothing more boring than having to listen to somebody else's love story.
(They are still lying side by side. The sun makes them shut their eyes. Toby lets his head loll against her shoulder.)

VOICE
What're you doing down there? We don't allow that in the park, you know.
(Toby's eyes blink open after a slight pause—he stares up into the sun, blind.)

TOBY
What? Talking to me?

VOICE
Yes, I'm talking to you. We don't want this sort of thing in broad daylight.
(Toby half sits up. Jane has her eyes open now.)

TOBY
What're you talking about?
(EYELINE—LOW ANGLE—
Toby's viewpoint. A gaunt, middle-aged female wearing a dark serge uniform of sorts with a hat and a large metal badge on one arm. She stands looking down at him.)

FEMALE
You know what I'm talking about. There are children playing in this park, you know and if you want to do this sort of thing you go somewhere else.

Continued on page 30

THE MAN WHO KNOWS ALL THE STARS IN THE NEWS

the mike tomkies

With a baby on the way...

Janet takes it easy

SHE looked through the windows at the beautiful lawns outside her home, on a Thames island at Shepperton, and said: "This seems to have made the whole thing worth while—the struggle, the career, everything. At last it all seems to fit into place."

It was Janet Munro talking. One of Britain's few girl stars who, in her 30th year, is expecting a baby in June.

Janet, married to actor Ian Hendry, who stars in *The Beauty Jungle* with Janette Scott, says she has never been happier in her life.

"I feel just great!" she said. "I was knocking on a bit. I didn't want to leave it much longer. Now there seems to be a reason for all that's gone before—the baby has changed everything."

I can understand what it must mean to Janet to be able to combine a really successful career with family life. If you think it's easy, try and name a few top film actresses who have done it. Difficult, isn't it?

Janet continued: "I have always wanted a home and a family. All my life I have travelled about from show to show, never settling, and it's always been a big thing with me. I need a home.

"Ian is thrilled—he's dotty about kids. He went mad when I first told him about the baby. He came back, that same day, with a huge diamond ring, a new bedroom chair, a beautiful hair-dryer on a stand—and a bird-house—so I can stay in bed and watch the birds through the window!

"It was touch and go at first—my doctor told me to have two weeks in bed to make sure nothing went wrong. Now everything's fine. But I'm still taking it easy."

What about her career, now that a child is on the way?

"I'm not worried," she tod me. "I have a couple of films still to come out, so people will know I'm about. I want to specialise now in the more meaty roles, like the part I had in *Life For Ruth*. I won't dash from one picture to another—just one good part, a couple of TV plays and, maybe, a West End play with Ian. That's what we'd like to do—work together.

"But the baby comes first. The best thing of all is that Anna Cameron, my stand-in for years, is having a baby, too. She always said, '*Let me know when you're pregnant, as I'll be out of work and I can have a baby at the same time.*' She was joking. But a few weeks after I knew I was having a baby Anna told me she was, too! It's quite a coincidence."

Peter Finch rushed into the production office for *The Pumpkin Eater*, at Shepperton studios, to get some photographs of the fight scene he had with Anne Bancroft.

When asked why he wanted them, Peter said: "Because my ribs are black and blue and my back is scratched and my wife, Yolande, won't believe I got in that state just from the film!"

So Peter took home about 40 shots—and, after that, Yolande believed him all right!

When producer Blake Edwards heard that Peter Sellers was a Judo expert he admitted he himself was a Karate expert.

And to prove it, on the set of *A Shot In The Dark*, Blake chopped a billiard cue in half—at the thick end!

Peter was enthusiastic, so Blake wrote a few judo and karate scenes into the film and turned it into an important gimmick for Peter's screen personality.

column

Jane Fonda is a girl with a determination that some call frightening. But Jane puts it another way: "I just know what I want—and do my best to get it . . ."

Laurence Harvey has his tax problems. If he works in British studios he's liable to pay a lot of tax, so Larry made *Of Human Bondage* in Ireland and *The Ceremony* in Spain.

Now I hear he is seeking to make *The Golden Rendezvous*, by Alistair MacLean.

So what? Well, the action takes place on board a ship and with a bit of clever management he may not have to use a studio ANYWHERE.

If you asked some of the world's top actors how they started, you'd be amazed.

For instance Sean Connery, star of the most popular film ever made in Britain, *From Russia With Love*, got his first big break as a stage extra in *South Pacific*.

He came down to London with his Edinburgh weight-lifting club, and a London weight-lifter told him *South Pacific* needed extras.

"When the producer asked what I'd done before I gave out a great yarn about repertory in Dundee and Perth and ended up with, '*And my last show was* The Glorious Days *with Anna Neagle*.' It sounded good but, in fact, I'd been on the dole and got a five-week job as an extra in the show."

Sean got the extra part in *South Pacific*—and worked his way up to a leading role when the show went on tour.

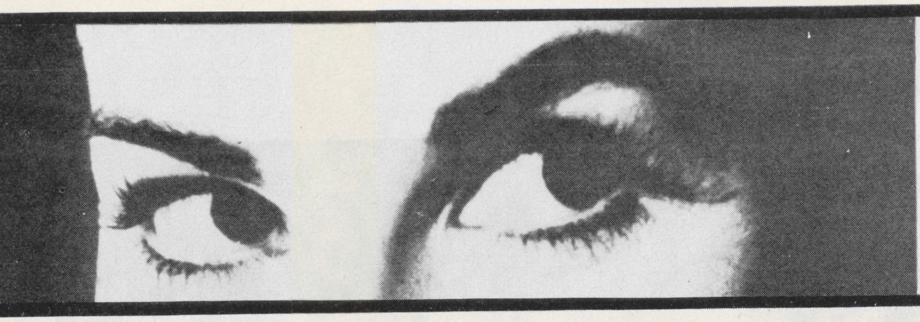
I asked Hayley Mills, on the set of *The Moonspinners*, if she ever felt a sense of competition with other teenage stars—like Tuesday Weld, Jill Haworth or Sue Lyon?

"Not really," she said. "I'm always fascinated in what they're doing and I always see their pictures. I'm interested to see just how good they are and if I'm as good—or worse—or better.

"What *DO* I think? I think they're all very good. Sue Lyon was fantastic in *Lolita* and it was the first thing she'd ever done. She didn't put a foot wrong. I was staggered."

Oh, Hayley, don't ever change!

book end●



Our roving reporter
keeps an eye
on the latest news,
gossip and casting

Miss Lynley experiments

If adult comedy is your cup of tea, *Under The Yum Yum Tree* will not disappoint you. It takes a look at the universal problem that faces all girls in love: "Should I or shouldn't I 'Yum Yum' before I marry the boy?"

Well, whatever *you* think, Carol Lynley, as Robin Austin, has definite views. She is the daughter of estranged parents. She is frightened of marriage. Divorce is the last thing she wants—so she works out a plan that will give her and her intended husband a chance to live together under the same roof. By doing this she believes she can establish a basis for real, lasting love from mere physical attraction.

Her intended husband, David, played by Dean Jones, is not so sure it's a good idea. Robin's idea of a platonic togetherness, dedicated to the pursuit of character discovery, is all very well . . . but boys will be boys . . .

However, he's talked into it, they find a flat to try out the experiment, and their new life begins.

The experiment doesn't get off to a good start. For guess who turns up as the landlord of the place? Yes, Jack Lemmon—in the role of a handsome, stop-at nothing playboy who, when it comes to the opposite sex, is not used to taking No for an answer.

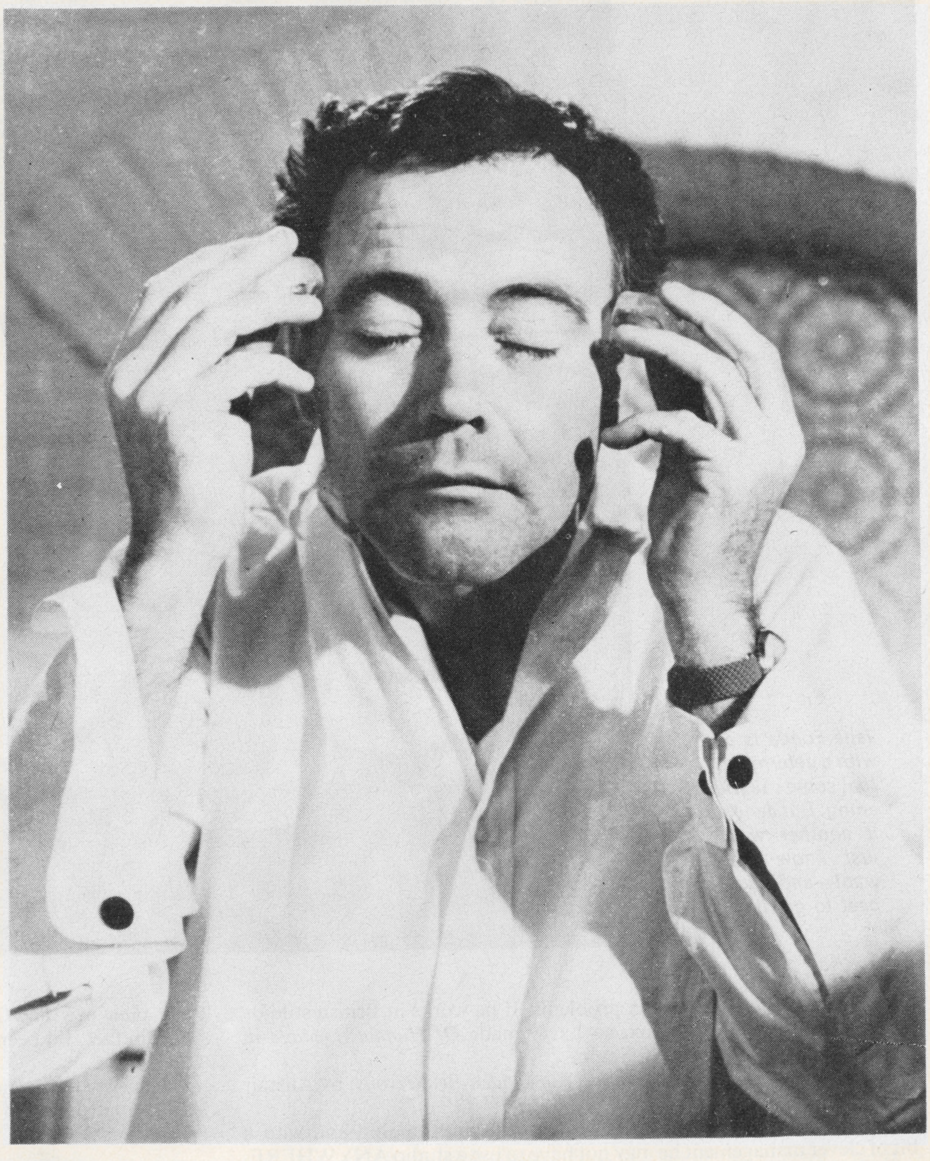
Adult, indeed, are the events that follow. They prove that a platonic friendship is not the easiest thing in the world. Especially if you happen to be in love.

Now here's an interesting piece of casting news: Cary Grant has signed Leslie Caron to co-star with him in a new comedy-drama, *A Place Of Dragons*, which is now being written by Peter Stone, author of *Charade*.

I know Cary is a great Caron fan—he was particularly impressed with her performance in *The L-Shaped Room*. The two make an exciting team.

Rock Hudson and Gina Lollobrigida are teamed together in a new romantic comedy, Strange Bedfellows. *The film is to be produced and directed by Melvin Frank.*

Disney is to film *The Misadventures of Merlin Jones*, with Robert Stevenson directing. Tommy Kirk and Annette Funicello co-star.

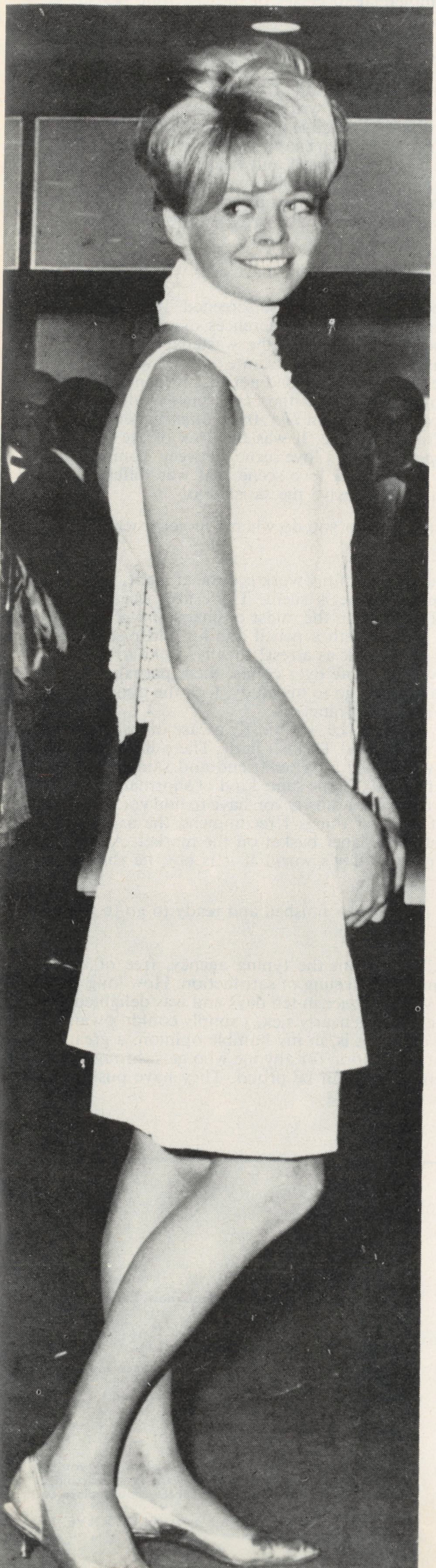


Above—
Jack Lemmon: in Under The Yum Yum Tree *he portrays a stop-at-nothing playboy. Carol Lynley also stars.*

Bing Crosby is to play a dramatic role as a retired district attorney in his new film, Choice of Violence. *Adrian Spies has based his script on the Hugh Pentecost novel.*

Steve McQueen, Lee Remick and Don Murray star in the new Alan J. Pakula production, *The Travelling Lady*. Robert Mulligan directs.

Billy Wilder's next prodution will be *The Dazzling Hour*. Dean Martin is to star. The film is for United Artists release.



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Of all the actresses I know, it is Susannah York who surprises me most. She is unlike any other girl I have met in show-business. She makes her own rules and answers to no one. Some find her infuriating—and I can understand why. But Susannah is, nevertheless, an intriguing personality and one of the best actresses we have.

"People are always asking me why I don't do pin-ups or go to premieres or do any of the other things actresses do," she told me. "The answer is quite simple. I just don't have the figure for pin-ups. Also, they get in the way of what I really want to do. Standing around in a bikini, having pictures taken, seems an awful bore and a terrible waste of time. As for premieres—I think they're a waste of time, too. Life is so short and I'm so ambitious to do things worth while I have to get on with it. I'd rather see a picture at the local than go to a premiere."

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Audrey Hepburn got a million dollars for her part in *My Fair Lady*. She had to work 26 weeks on the film. "I am delighted with the way it has gone," says Audrey. "It's one of the best things I've ever done."

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Don't expect to see that controversial Irish actor, Richard Harris in another epic. He still hasn't forgotten Mutiny On The Bounty*—a picture that made him most unhappy. "In big pictures it is the money that is being spent that is more important than anything else," says Harris. "I think there are other things that matter more—like the script and the actors."*

Martin Ritt has an interesting cast for his new film, *Judgment In The Sun*. It includes Paul Newman, Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom and Edward G. Robinson. Newman is particularly pleased with his part. He says it's the best he's had in years.

Talking of Paul Newman, I wouldn't take too seriously the rumours that suggested his wife, Joanne Woodward, had retired from filming. My scout in Hollywood assures me that some interesting scripts have come her way—and she's hoping to start a new picture in the near future.

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by Bryan Forbes

Continued from page 25

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Q: Do you find, in your writing, that you must know intimately the locales which will figure in the finished film?

A: Very often you write from your own experience and most early writing is biographical. In *The Angry Silence*, for instance, I used my own experiences. But it's not necessary to know your settings intimately. The important thing is to get the story down on paper. It's up to the director and the location scouts to find the most suitable locales.

Q: Do you think it is necessary to know intimately the people who become the characters in your films?

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Q: What do you think are the basic essentials of good screen writing?

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Nowadays, people reject phoney writing and in a way TV has contributed to this. When it is at its best TV is immediate and it allows no phoniness; it is on the spot and records things as they happen. On the other hand, people can see plenty of inferior stuff on TV for nothing, so they're not going to queue in the rain to see an inferior film. What gets them in now is the story value, not the stars, and it is the quality films that have been the commercial successes in the last four years. The average product vanishes without trace.

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Q: Which, do you think, is the best scene you have ever written?

A: It has never been screened and never will be screened. It was in a script I wrote for a company and we had differences of opinion; in fact, I was fired and the script ended up in the wastepaper basket. Later, I took malicious pleasure, when the film came out and was sunk without trace, to cut out the worst of all the bad notices and send them to the producer with my compliments. But the best scenes from films that *have* been made? The row sequence in *The Angry Silence*, between Pier Angeli and Michael Craig, was one. It was the crux of the film. The other was in *The L-Shaped Room*—a love scene, between Tom Bell and Leslie Caron. I wanted to write a love scene that was different, that said something—and the result gave me satisfaction.

Q: When do you work—and what do you do when you get stuck and can't make progress?

A: There are no rules although most of my work is done at night, when the house is quiet and the telephone is silent. There are occasions, though, when one is forced to write in the midst of chaos and often I have re-written a scene on the set with a pencil and an odd piece of paper, using my continuity girl's back as a rest! Ideally, I like to start after dinner—first a chat with my wife over coffee, then, perhaps, an hour of TV. When she goes to bed I go to my study, lock the door and don't come out until three in the morning.

If I get stuck on a scene, or sequence, it's mostly a case of sweating it out; you have a sort of intellectual Turkish bath. There have been the odd occasions when I've phoned a writer friend and said, '*Come over quickly for a chat*.' Writers talk in the same kind of shorthand and we can, at times, help each other. But mostly you have to find your own way out of the fix. One of the first things I recommend the aspiring writer to buy, is the biggest wastepaper basket on the market. And it should be full at the end of each day's work. If it is not, he should examine his conscience.

Q: How do you feel when the script is finished and ready to go to the producer?

A: To see a virgin script, back from the typing agency, free of all corrections gives one a tremendous feeling of satisfaction. How long it lasts, depends. As I said, I wrote *Seance* in ten days and was delighted. I looked at it a month later and was nearly sick. I simply couldn't wait to re-write it. But to write anything is, in my humble opinion, a great achievement. I have a great admiration for anyone who gets through a writing job to the bitter end. They can be proud. They have pushed something out.

Continued from page 25

(BACK TO TOBY—
anger mounting in him.)
TOBY
Doing what sort of thing?
(FULL SHOT SCENE—
Jane not comprehending what the conversation is about.)
FEMALE
There's too much of it going on. The parks are here for everybody's enjoyment, not just for some to spoil it.
(She strides away, presumably to puncture some more innocents, Toby, almost speechless with rage and frustration, stares after her.)
JANE
I didn't understand—what was she saying?
TOBY
Don't ask me. I mean. Don't ask me.
JANE
What was she talking about children for?
TOBY
She was assuming that we were just about to have it off here in the grass. I mean, between her and the Bomb we haven't got a chance, have we?—not an earthly! That's the sort of thing that makes me want to fornicate right in the middle of Westminster Abbey during a Royal wedding.
(He looks at Jane, then on a sudden impulse leans towards her and kisses her.)
TOBY (after kiss)
Would that corrupt children?
JANE
It might.
TOBY
It might corrupt me . . . I corrupt very easily.
(Far away the sounds of the Salvation Army band.)
TOBY
I could fall in love with you, you know. Do you know that?
JANE
No.
TOBY
Well, don't look so upset. I don't expect you to do anything about it. Come on . . .
(He scrambles to his feet and gives her a hand.)
TOBY
You don't have to say anything.
(They start to walk away from us.)
TOBY
I mean, if you *want* to say anything, you can say you're in love with me, but if you don't want to say anything, don't say anything . . . this is a pretty dodgy place to commit yourself in.
(They are still going away from us as we DISSOLVE.)

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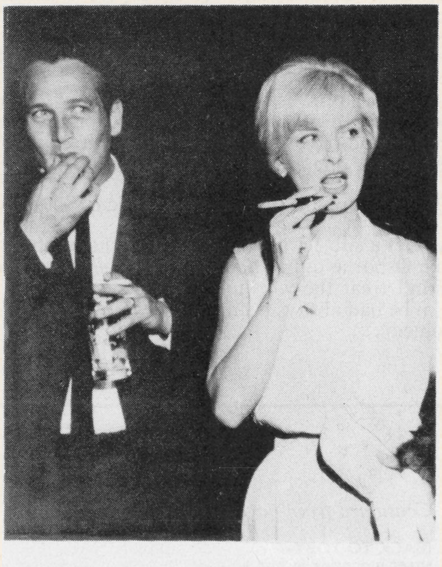

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A: It has never been screened and never will be screened. It was in a script I wrote for a company and we had differences of opinion; in fact, I was fired and the script ended up in the wastepaper basket. Later, I took malicious pleasure, when the film came out and was sunk without trace, to cut out the worst of all the bad notices and send them to the producer with my compliments. But the best scenes from films that *have* been made? The row sequence in *The Angry Silence*, between Pier Angeli and Michael Craig, was one. It was the crux of the film. The other was in *The L-Shaped Room*—a love scene, between Tom Bell and Leslie Caron. I wanted to write a love scene that was different, that said something—and the result gave me satisfaction.

Q: When do you work—and what do you do when you get stuck and can't make progress?

A: There are no rules although most of my work is done at night, when the house is quiet and the telephone is silent. There are occasions, though, when one is forced to write in the midst of chaos and often I have re-written a scene on the set with a pencil and an odd piece of paper, using my continuity girl's back as a rest! Ideally, I like to start after dinner—first a chat with my wife over coffee, then, perhaps, an hour of TV. When she goes to bed I go to my study, lock the door and don't come out until three in the morning.

If I get stuck on a scene, or sequence, it's mostly a case of sweating it out; you have a sort of intellectual Turkish bath. There have been the odd occasions when I've phoned a writer friend and said, '*Come over quickly for a chat*.' Writers talk in the same kind of shorthand and we can, at times, help each other. But mostly you have to find your own way out of the fix. One of the first things I recommend the aspiring writer to buy, is the biggest wastepaper basket on the market. And it should be full at the end of each day's work. If it is not, he should examine his conscience.

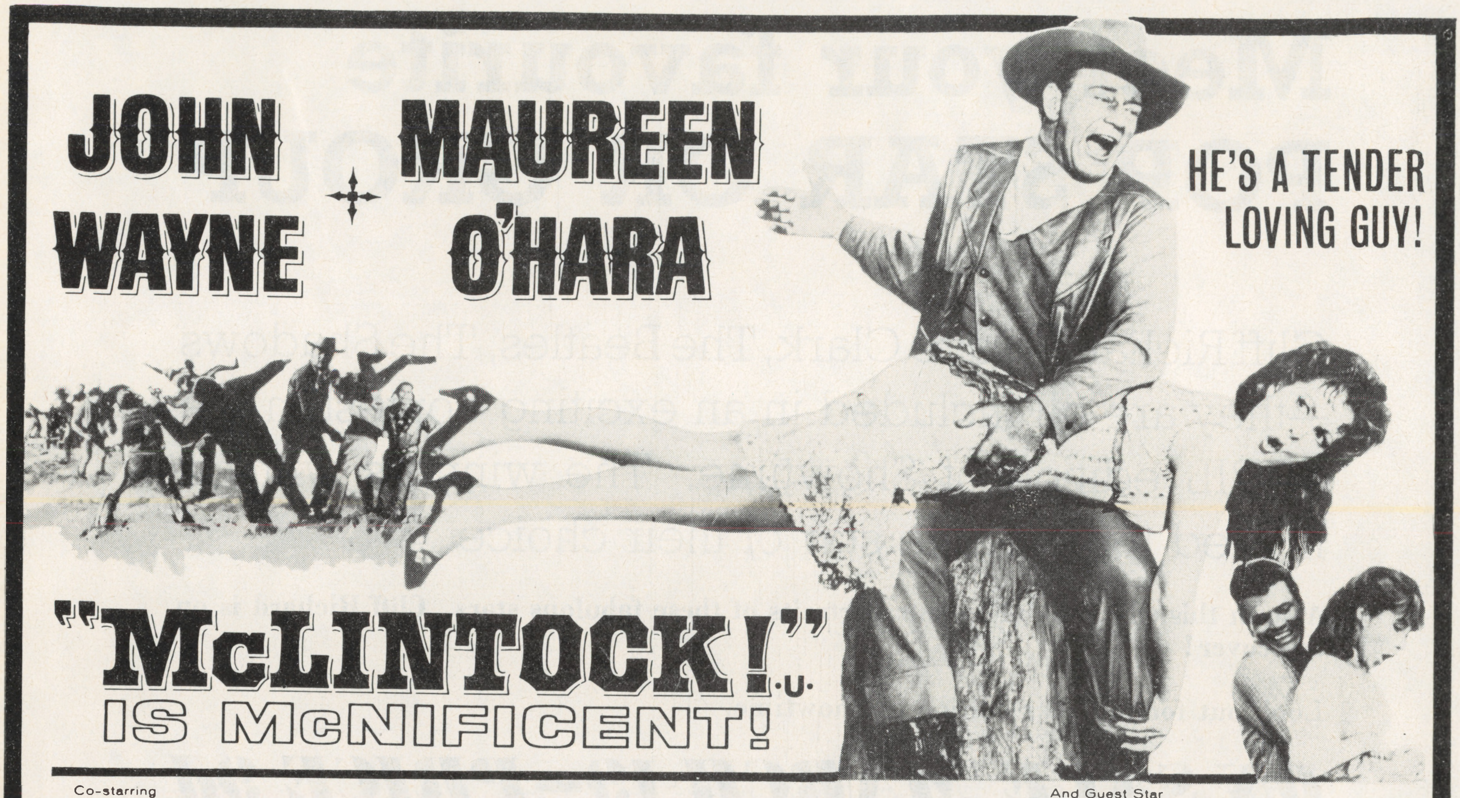
Q: How do you feel when the script is finished and ready to go to the producer?

A: To see a virgin script, back from the typing agency, free of all corrections gives one a tremendous feeling of satisfaction. How long it lasts, depends. As I said, I wrote *Seance* in ten days and was delighted. I looked at it a month later and was nearly sick. I simply couldn't wait to re-write it. But to write anything is, in my humble opinion, a great achievement. I have a great admiration for anyone who gets through a writing job to the bitter end. They can be proud. They have pushed something out.

Continued from page 25

(BACK TO TOBY—
anger mounting in him.)
TOBY
Doing what sort of thing?
(FULL SHOT SCENE—
Jane not comprehending what the conversation is about.)
FEMALE
There's too much of it going on. The parks are here for everybody's enjoyment, not just for some to spoil it.
(She strides away, presumably to puncture some more innocents, Toby, almost speechless with rage and frustration, stares after her.)
JANE
I didn't understand—what was she saying?
TOBY
Don't ask me. I mean. Don't ask me.
JANE
What was she talking about children for?
TOBY
She was assuming that we were just about to have it off here in the grass. I mean, between her and the Bomb we haven't got a chance, have we?—not an earthly! That's the sort of thing that makes me want to fornicate right in the middle of Westminster Abbey during a Royal wedding.
(He looks at Jane, then on a sudden impulse leans towards her and kisses her.)
TOBY (after kiss)
Would that corrupt children?
JANE
It might.
TOBY
It might corrupt me . . . I corrupt very easily.
(Far away the sounds of the Salvation Army band.)
TOBY
I could fall in love with you, you know. Do you know that?
JANE
No.
TOBY
Well, don't look so upset. I don't expect you to do anything about it. Come on . . .
(He scrambles to his feet and gives her a hand.)
TOBY
You don't have to say anything.
(They start to walk away from us.)
TOBY
I mean, if you *want* to say anything, you can say you're in love with me, but if you don't want to say anything, don't say anything . . . this is a pretty dodgy place to commit yourself in.
(They are still going away from us as we DISSOLVE.)

JOHN WAYNE ✦ MAUREEN O'HARA



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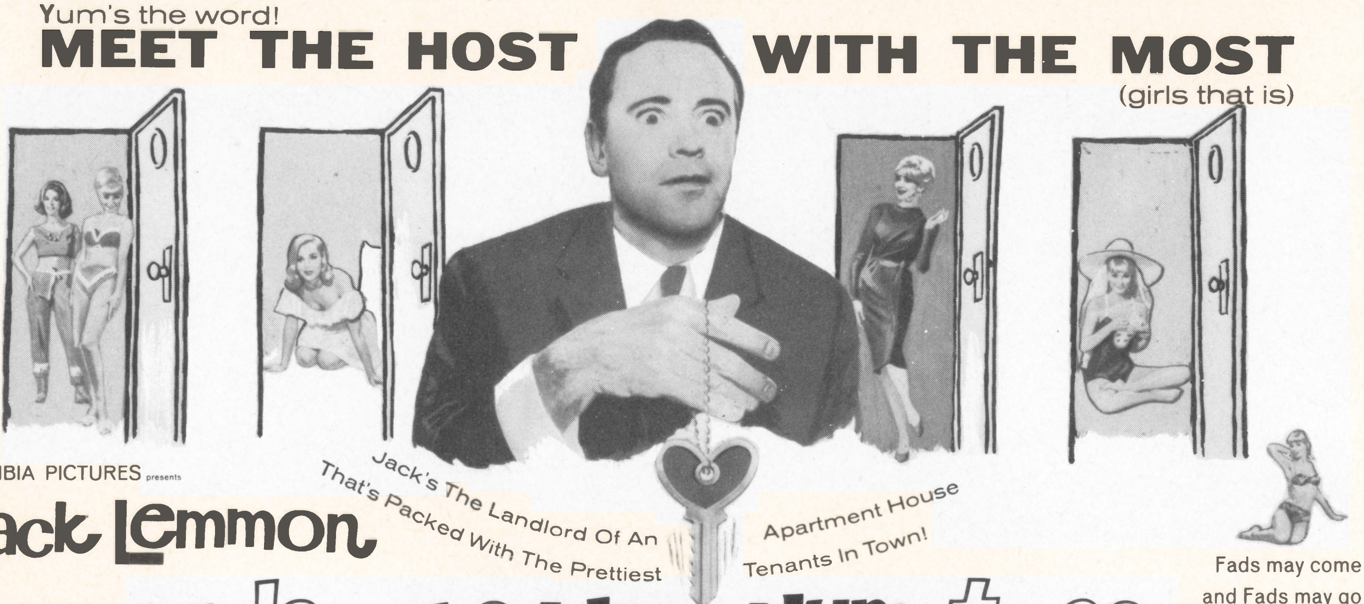

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